

#1

VINCE LOMBARDI
HIGH SCHOOL
PSYCHOPATH



PARASITES

**MIFFLIN RIOTS
REVIEWS**

**AND SOME OTHER STUFF YOU MAY
OR MAY NOT TAKE TIME OUT OF
YOUR BORING LIFE TO READ**



"PRE-OP TRANSSEXUALS OF THE WORLD UNITE"

Hello and welcome to the first issue of High School Psychopath. I forgot to write "free" on the cover so let me clear up any confusion right away. **THIS ISSUE IS FREE.** Unless of course you want to get it through the mail, in which case it's gonna cost you 2 STAMPS. I am also willing to trade for your zine cause I'm just as down for a bartering economy as the next guy. You may notice that there are no record or zine reviews in this issue, with the exception of the Ramones cover albums, and that is because I am relying on bands, labels, and people that do zines to send me their shit to the address at the end of this intro*.

I had originally intended to get this issue out a while ago but ran into several complications along the way. Figuring out how to scan and print photos was rather time consuming as was figuring out how to use a few computer programs but I think I got a pretty good handle on this shit. In the future I plan on putting it out about every month, so you can expect another issue by the beginning or middle of July. I'm not really looking for contributions but if you do have something that you desire to be put in the zine, send it in and my associates and I will decide if the content is appropriate.

I know I ripped off the name from a Screeching Weasel tune but what can you do, at least I'm not the first to rip off the band. I may eventually change the name because of the fact mentioned above and because I will no longer be attending high school. Yes, that's right, tomorrow is my last day. The much anticipated day of graduation is finally here and I gotta say that it's great to be done with that fuckin' place. This last year of education sucked pretty bad for me. You have most likely been through it or are in it so I don't feel I need to elaborate anymore on the subject - you know what I'm talking about. That's not to say that my entire high school experience was a drag. My senior prom with a pinhead, for example, was a blast (see photo) and I gotta admit that I did enjoy participating and making a difference in the student government. But unfortunately the minuses outweighed the



As far as who did what, Brad Lokkesmoe took the photos and wrote the text for the Ramones cover albums, the show review, and the Parasites interview. I did the rest

**HIGH SCHOOL PSYCHOPATH
P.O. BOX 804
WAYZATA, MN 55391**

6/5/97

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT #918

HOW TO AVOID SOUNDING LIKE AN ASSHOLE

"So how's Michael this afternoon?"

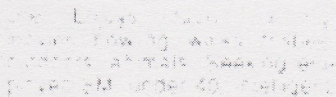
"So how are *you* this afternoon?"

Maybe I'm overreacting to this inquiry of my state of being, but nevertheless, it was very irritating at the time so remember, if you are talking to someone, try to at least pretend that they are there. Thank you and god bless.


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FF 53, 53', and 14, very attractive downy, high energy, likes working out dancing, freestyle, still doing burlesque, likes SLOWFM, 20-40, attractive, difficult, passionate, friendly, moderately secure, single, arrests possible LTR. 

1988 年 12 月 15 日



Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners: A few weeks ago my husband and I attended a social function commemorating our good friends 20th wedding anniversary. The evening was very pleasant until my husband began drinking excessively. "Bill" has a tendency to act rather immature when he drinks but I still love him.

Apparently he began showing his penis to the guests. They say he was waving it wildly all around the room, screaming obscenities, and hitting himself on his behind. Now this behavior is rather questionable, but I'm writing to ask of your opinion regarding how the guests at the party handled the situation.

When Bill finally passed out on the floor, a number of guests began urinating on my husband's brand new tuxedo he had on. Should they have taken this course of action and what should I have done?

Gentle reader: I don't consider it bad manners to pee on a drunk guest after they have passed out. I know that's how my friends and I

deal with those types of situations, Lord knows it's happened to me a countless number of times. I of all people know how hard it is to get urine out of a tuxedo so I think it would be most appropriate to promptly send the dry cleaning bill to the urinator involved.

Dear Miss Manners: I have season tickets to the Minnesota Vikings and haven't missed a game since '89. During half-time at the most recent game I made my customary trip to the bathroom. As I was peeing in the trough, I noticed a man a couple of people down placing his child in the trough.

The unsupervised child looked like he was having a blast, splashing around in the urine and whatnot, while his father was talking to a man next to him. My question is, how old should children be before you let them play unsupervised in a urine filled trough?

Gentle reader: You have raised an important issue that I have been waiting to address for quite some time. My husband and I have raised 3 children ourselves, each of them eagerly looking forward to the next ball game.

I think around 2 years is a good age for a child to be left alone in large urinals. I generally follow the rule of not leaving the kids in for more than a half an hour because we all know how much you can prune up from that heavy exposure to urine.

--- "Miss Manners" is Judith Martin of the Washington Post. Her column appears in every issue of High School Psychopath. She has an extensive educational background regarding the role urine plays in society. Address etiquette questions to Miss Manners, P.O. Box 804, Wayzata, MN 55391.

A SHOW REVIEW

By Brad

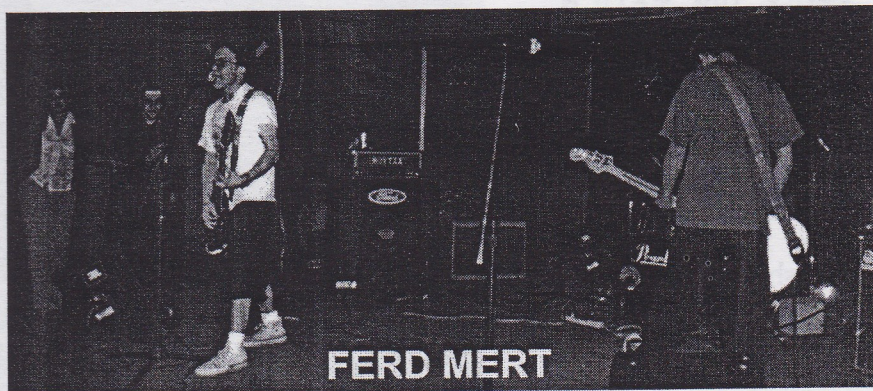


I recently attended a show at the Whole, a student run club in the basement of Coffman Union at the University of Minnesota. Shows are usually around \$5 but since this one was free I got to waste a couple of bucks on pinball. The Whole is one of the best local venues for a couple reasons. It's fairly big-bands that attract

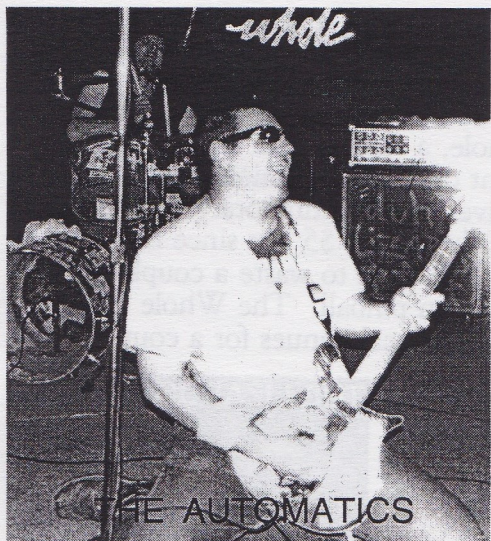
more people have an alternative to the local dance club (i.e. 1st Avenue) that have high door prices and steroid pumping jockos wearing staff T-shirts. They have a good sound system and aside from the metal detectors and the police officer who hangs outside the door at all the bigger shows, it's usually cool.



Ferd Mert from St. Paul opened with an attack of goofy



FERD MERT



style punk rock, followed by The Lizards from California. The Lizards had a lot of character even though they went from one song to the next with nothing more than yelling the song title in between.

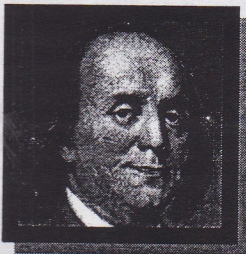
They busted into "Commando" by the Ramones, an Angry Somoans cover, and then played the Sesame Street theme song. The Sesame Street cover was appropriate due to the fact that the singer/guitar player

strangely resembled Big Bird.

The automatics played last and were a lot better live than on any of their records. *THEY RAN THROUGH ABOUT 20 TUNES AND MANAGED TO NOT BE BORING AT ALL. MOST OF THEIR SONGS ARE FAST AND SHORT (SOME UNDER A MIN.), SO THEY KINDA LEAVE YOU WITH A GOOD "WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED" FEELING. THE AUTOMATICS ROCK, AND YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY CHECK THEM OUT. ...*

All in all it was a good show. The place wasn't exactly packed but that's nothing new to punk rock.





WINK

"I dream of future generations using my name to peddle worthless merchandise"

WINK...

One of the first jobs I had involved working at a Ben Franklin. Now you're probably not familiar with this chain so I'll do my best to explain. You could call it a "five and dime" store, or by the more contemporary title, "variety" store, but it basically sells worthless junk. The inventory consists of miscellaneous arts and crafts supplies, some toys, candy, and small pets. I don't know why I applied for a job there in the first place but for whatever reason, I did, and wasted quite a few hours in that fucking joint.

It was located in an old strip mall -some of the most depressing infrastructure I've ever had the privilege to work in. I can't stand malls in general, but this one was by far the worst. It seemed as though time there slowed down considerably. There was hardly anyone ever in the place and it was always dimly lit. The majority of mall shoppers were older people that would browse around the mall, moving slowly from store to store, hardly ever buying anything. I don't know how the place stayed in business. Maybe the store was a front for some type of kiddy porn distribution, it wouldn't surprise me too much cause my manager always seemed a little peculiar.

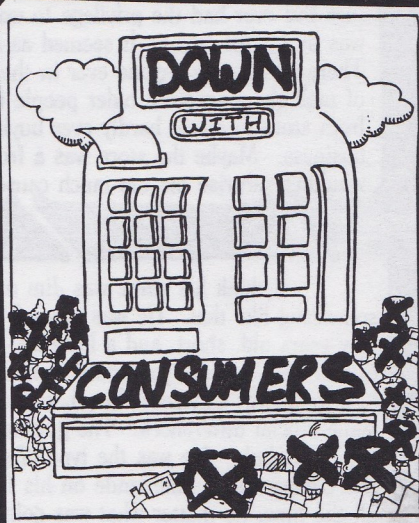
I think his name was Jim or something like that. He was around fifty years old, short, and a little bit overweight. I guess you could compare him to George Castanza, but there were some crucial differences. The guy was a total asshole. He was the type of guy that always had a fake smile on his face, all the time, no matter what was going on.



I've heard that people enjoy this in a person but I don't. What is so great about a insincere smile anyway? I'd much rather have people look pissed if they're pissed than happy if they're pissed. Every time I walked into work that guy would be looking at me through the side window. I don't think he ever noticed that I noticed he was staring at me, but he still had a smile on his face. When I would walk in 10 minutes late he would tell me that I was late in an irritated tone and a stupid grin. Anyway, Jim was the head guy at the store, followed by a few other employees whose personalities didn't exceed that of Jim's.

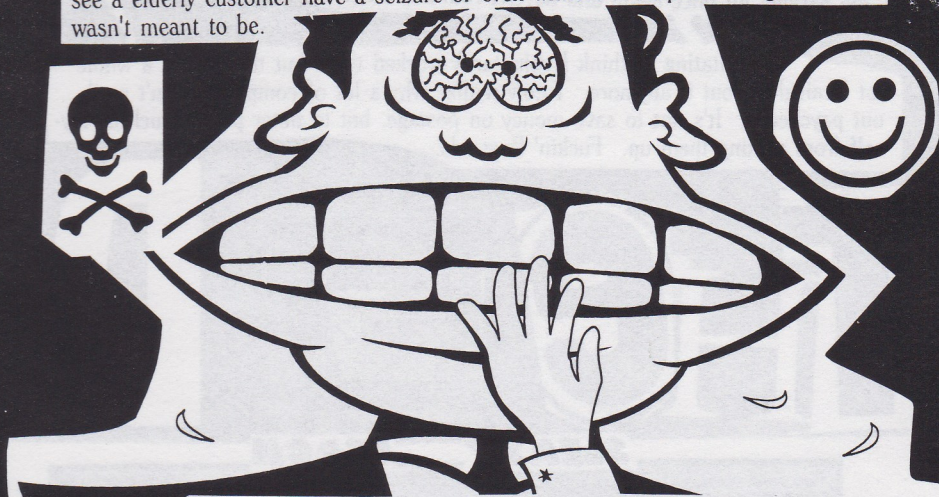
There was a mother and daughter team there, both seasoned veterans at Ben Franklin, a few elderly women, and a kid about my age that worked with me. My friend Todd joined Ben Franklin's work force towards the end of my employment but only lasted a few weeks due to some outrageous claims by Jim that he had been observed stealing cigarettes. Like with most people I encounter, I quickly found aspects of my co-employees personalities that I didn't like. Aside from the manager, the runner up, or runners up in this case, for the most annoying to be around were the mother/daughter team. I think I worked with these people the most and hated them more and more each time I did. You could easily tell that Ben Franklin had got the best of them and that they were both planning on carrying out their life sentences of toil in the place.

My main responsibilities were to stand behind a cash register for hours on end and occasionally sweep the clean floors. For some reason Jim was big on cashier etiquette and enforced some silly rules. He would never let me sit down on anything, be it a floor, table, or chair, I wouldn't have minded this rule so much but no one was ever in the place. There was really no need for me to be standing all the time. I guess he was under the impression that an employee sitting down behind a cash register would scare off potential customers. Another rule was that I couldn't read anything while I worked. These two rules basically forced me to stare off into space standing up. I have no problem with staring off into



space as long as I am sitting down because I've been doing that for most of my life anyway -but the guy was asking way too much. I guess I shouldn't be complaining though. I am aware of kids half my age running around in circles, slaving away for shit wages, but whatever.

I don't have any good work stories from the place because nothing ever fuckin' happened. It was really a shame, I at least expected to get some amusing experiences out of the job, but no. Not once did I walk into the break room and find Jim and the mother/daughter team engaging in a messy menage et trois, or see a elderly customer have a seizure or even witness a shoplifter. I guess it just wasn't meant to be.



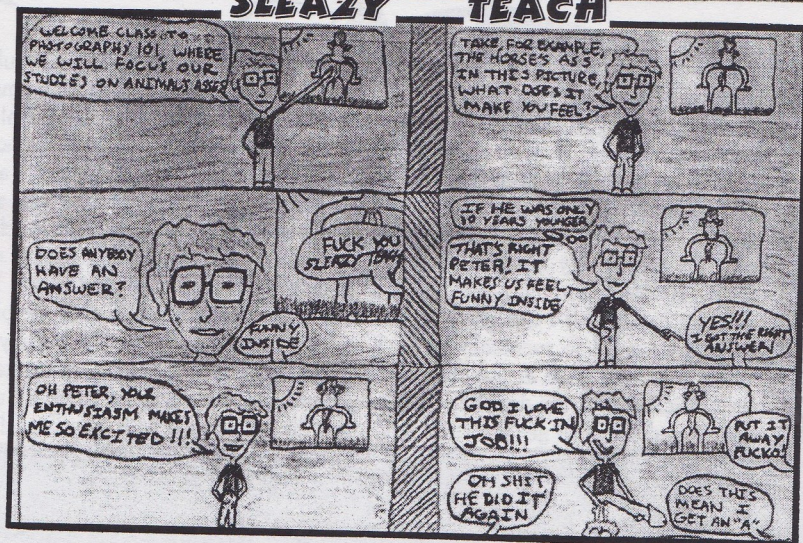
So now that you have an idea of the harsh working conditions I subjected myself to, let me tell you about my last day. It was early on a Sunday morning when I arrived at the store. There were only 3 of us working that day, 2 old women and myself. I was stationed behind the register. With about three hours of work under my belt I began thinking of getting the fuck out of the place. I asked one of the ladies if she would cover me when I went on break and she said she would. I walked outside, lit a cigarette, and began thinking about how much I hated the job. Every thought that entered my head was just another reason not to return. It didn't take me much longer to decide that I wasn't coming back. When I left the parking lot I thought of how I wasn't completely through with the place and how I needed to eventually go back and get my paycheck. I didn't really want to deal with that issue at the time so I blocked it out of my mind and was temporarily satisfied with my decision. I figured when pay day came I'd come up with enough confidence to get the check and officially be through with Ben Franklin.

A week later it was time to get it, and I left the house with the intention of picking it up. I got to the strip mall and sat out of sight in the parking lot for a few minutes. I saw the same 2 employees I had ditched a week earlier working away. As I pictured myself walking in the store I noticed a third employee, Jim. This complicated things considerably. I thought of what I would have to do. Walk in, tell Jim I needed the check, accompany him back into the office, and answer his inevitable question of what had happened to me last week. Even though he would be smiling through the whole ordeal I just couldn't go through with it. I left the parking lot once again and haven't returned since.

It's irritating to think I voluntarily worked there but there's not a whole lot I can do about it anymore. I now realize why a lot of companies don't mail out paychecks. It's not to save money on postage, but to deter people such as myself from picking them up. Fuckin' Bastards.

THE END

SLEAZY TEACH



Interview
conducted
by Brad

PARASITES

As I flipped through the May issue of MRR, I noticed that none other than the parasites were on tour and coming to my state, and as my luck would have it, were playing a couple of hours away in Mankato MN. I grabbed my tape recorder and my camera and went in search of punk rock in rural Minnesota. After the parasites ended their set with "rock away beach", and the kids and drunk legion grandmas left, I made my first attempt at interviewing a band...



HSP: Okay, so first who's who and plays what?

Dave: I'm Dave, I play guitar and vocals

Scott: I'm Scott, and I play the bass and vocals

Brett: I play the guitar and vocals

Dan: I'm Dan, I play the drums and I play the vocals

HSP: When did the

band start?

Dave: It's been around for quite a long time, since you were about (holds his hand about 2 feet off the ground) that big, a long time

HSP: So are you on lookout now?

Dave: Yeah, as far as I know

Dan: That's the plan

HSP: So you recorded the ramones cover album at Gilman?

(group laughter)

Scott: Sure we did, it was a big crowd of skinny people

Dave: Always believe everything you read

HSP: On the punchlines album, why does Nikki play everything on a lot of songs?

Scott: Cuz we all had broken fingers and he hadn't met us yet

Dave: I still lived in New Jersey then

Dan: And he couldn't find anyone sucker enough to play with him so he played with himself

HSP: So you (Dave) dropped your name (Nikki)?

Dave: Yeah, in the beginning we all had ramones type names, now no one else does, so I changed mine



back.

Scott: Also Nikki is about the stupidest name anyone could give themselves

HSP: You guys have a full length album coming out on Lookout! now?

Dave: Yeah, it's all done we just don't know when it's coming out yet.

Scott: We anticipate a fall release

Dave: We were gonna do it with someone else but, they ended up being assholes and we had to do some legal stuff to get out of it. That's why it hasn't come out yet.

HSP: What do you think about all the stuff going on with Lookout! lately?

Dave: No comment

Scott: We feel it's better we don't speak on the subject, cause we really don't know anything about it.

Dave: We're too close to it to wanna say anything about things we don't know about.

HSP: What bands got you into punk rock?

Scott: We predate punk rock

Dan: Yes, we're that old

HSP: Do you have any good touring stories?

Scott: I can tell you about Minneapolis last year. You know that great mall you got there?

HSP: Yeah

Scott: I saw the inside of that bathroom over and over again, running from the van to the bathroom in the pouring rain. Back and forth while the...well, people were shopping.

HSP: What do you guys do outside of punk rock?

Scott: Watch TV, play video games, drink beer and yell at people

Dan: I own a surf and ski shop

Dave: I only yell at people

HSP: Are you all from Berkeley, or did you just end up there eventually?

Dave: Dan and Scott are from Berkeley

Brett: I'm a Texan

Dave: Brett's a long tall Texan I'm from New Jersey

HSP: What do you guys do for jobs?

Dave: Umm, I don't have one right now

Dan: I'm a professional sky diver

Brett: I'm a lumberjack

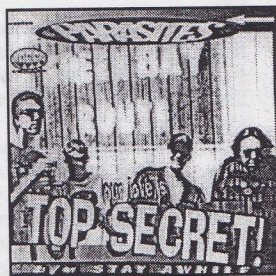
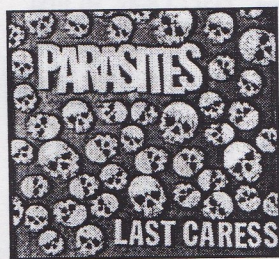
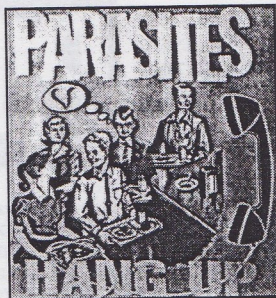
Scott: I'm a old time fireman, and I occasionally work in food service

HSP: Well, thanks for the interview

Parasites: No problem

HSP: Good luck with the rest of the tour

**YOU CAN CONTACT THE PARASITES AT:
P.O. BOX 40307 BERKELEY, CA 94704**



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LET'S RIOT

An eyewitness account of the madness and mayhem
that took place during the infamous
Mifflin Street Block Party of '96'



It was the end of a ridiculously long week of high school when my cohort, Brad, and I embarked on our journey deep into cheese territory, our destination-Madison, Wisconsin. Our reasons behind this excursion were as follows...1) visit my scholarly brother attending school there, 2) leave home, if only for a few days, and 3) grace the Mifflin Street Block Party with our presence. At best we were expecting the block party to provide us with a place to drink shitty beer, listen to shitty bands, and if we were lucky, watch shitty faced frat boys beat on one another. Little did we know we had set our expectations way too low.

I recall the festivities starting early that Saturday afternoon. Already a number of people had congregated in the street and bands were beginning to set up. Most of the music heard that day were bad covers of hippie pot smoking anthems which was rather disturbing yet not surprising. One band, straying from the norm, were rockin out timeless classics by the Decedents. The band was marginally entertaining, the frontman having a striking resemblance to Jesus Christ, but like all good things it came to an end.

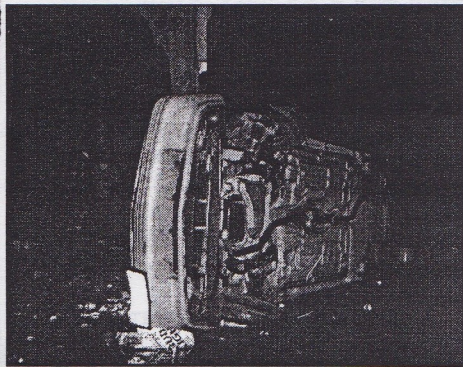
I needed to take a piss pretty bad so I looked around and decided that in between some houses was my only immediate

option. As I was trying to get every last drop out of me I heard some music, different from what I had heard before. I moved in closer to the sounds and sure enough, it was a rave. I wondered if the organizers of this event try to have music from every shitty genre playing, cause with the hippy shit and now techno, they were well on their way. I watched the ravers do their raving rave thing for a while and was getting a kick out of watching people suck on balloons filled with nitris oxide like it was there last gasp of fresh air. After I got some new fashion ideas I decided that I had had enough of the block party and that it was time for me to retreat back to the apartment.

After a few hours of drinking from a flat keg and watching informative television programs on the discovery channel someone entered the apartment with some encouraging news. They told us that people were beginning to start a fire outside. I had heard my calling and took to the street. Sure enough there was a fire accompanied by a rambunctious crowd about a block down on mifflin. Night had fallen and the street had a new improved ambiance. The families had left, the vendors were gone, and the bands had stopped playing. A new intoxicated demographic had taken over, and I knew it was just a matter of time before hell broke loose.

There was a fairly large fire burning by the time I got on the scene. People had accumulated various objects to fuel the blaze including siding from houses, recycling bins, and road blocks that the city of Madison had generously set up to keep out traffic. As people were throwing shit in the fire a new brand of thrill seekers emerged. They were not interested in using the fire to burn inanimate objects, but rather to risk burning themselves as they hurled their drunken bodies over the flames. There were quite a few failed attempts at this feat and I'm pretty sure that some pseudo evil knevils scorched their bodies, although no casualties were reported.

Some unlucky resident or party goter made the mistake of leaving their automobile out on the street in close proximity to the fire. The car was small and was an open target for random acts of vandalism that rioters took to immediately. First the windows were smashed out with bottles,



then the frame took a beating from everything from pieces of wood to clenched fists. The car was pretty fucked at this point but people still wanted to destroy it further. Those who did came together in an inspiring act of unity and through their combined forces tipped the car on its side. This was quite a spectacle and triggered the first signs of dissent.



About three factions formed during the course of the riot. There were those who wanted the chaos to end, those who were causing the chaos, and those who were neutral on the matter—the onlookers. This conflict of interests caused a countless amount of fights, some of which resulted in some major beatdowns.

There had been a constant police presence throughout the whole day with relatively no problems. This changed soon after the first fire was started. Lacking in numbers, the police had managed to reposition themselves on the outskirts of the street. Reinforcements in full on riot gear soon arrived but still couldn't move in because it was literally raining bottles in their direction. A fire truck moved in to try and extinguish the fire but was not spared from projectiles. The front of the truck was fairly far away but used its high powered hose to spray down the fire and people in the streets. Whoever was behind the hose was obviously pissed off because they would single out a person in the street and spray them until they fell down. The civilians



quickly retaliated to the excessive use of water and shelled the fire truck and firemen with bottles.

I wanted to get a photo of the police that had lined themselves up in a row behind the fire truck so I started to walk in that direction. As I was walking I kept looking back to make sure that no bottles were headed my way. I was getting pretty close to the pigs when I decided to look back once again. As I turned around, a bottle connected with my genitals. It hurt like hell so I hobbled over to the side of a house to take shelter. I have experienced getting hit in the nuts before and have developed a deep hatred for the sensation. It felt like my balls had somehow firmly planted themselves into my lower intestines and weren't coming down anytime in the near future. The bottle may have crushed my nuts but not my



determination to get the picture. I ran out on the street again and took the photo. As I was walking away an officer grabbed my arm and told me to leave. Always willing to obey officers of the law, I obliged and rejoined the riot going on down the street.

The police eventually gained ground and put out the once blazing fire. Hardly any time passed before another fire was burning a few houses down and the whole scene was repeated. The second fire didn't last as long as the first and I believe it was the last straw for the police. Large numbers of cops started to push back the rioters until they reached the intersection of Mifflin and Bassett. This was the site where the most violence took place, a culmination of events if you will. You will.

There was probably a good half hour of complete chaos at the intersection, during which I observed a few cops taking bottles to various parts of their bodies. I remember watching one rioter's unsuccessful attempt at hitting a cop with a bottle. The rioter turned around and began laughing at his drunken aim. Some seemingly "anti-violent" muscleheads also saw the act. They ran up to the guy and expressed

their unhappiness over him throwing the bottle. Soon the testosterone kicked in and they started to intimidate him with their loud voices. Their anti-violent convictions faded fast as they proceeded to beat him to the ground. The beating was brief, but long enough for the scrawny bottle thrower to get severely fucked up.

As time marched on the crowd became thinner and thinner, allowing police to move closer and unify. Soon enough they had broken up the riot completely and started to enforce a mandatory curfew. The pigs traveled around in packs of 6 or 7 and yelled and threatened people in the street to leave. The apartment where I was staying at was luckily right on the street so we were just forced from the sidewalk to the parking lot of the apartment building. We then hung outside on the steps to the apartment for a while and reminisced about our evenings entertainment.

About ten minutes had passed when we saw a car pull in the street. The car slowed down due to the police presence, and a black man got out of the car. The innocent guy started to walk up to the police with the intention of figuring out what was going on and before you knew it they started to mace him. While some cops maced him, others tried to force us in the apartment so we wouldn't see, but it was too late. We saw the whole thing go down. When the cops were finally through getting their kicks and brutalizing him, we let the guy and his girlfriend inside the apartment so he could wash off his face. The guy was a hysterical mess as he began to feel the initial effects of the pepper spray. We directed him into the bathroom and ran water over his face as he yelled incoherently. He finally gave up the bath tub idea and came in to the living room. About every 20 seconds he would ask for a glass of water which was tough to to keep up with. If we didn't get it to him in time he would systematically raise his voice saying "water" over and over. This went on for about 20 minutes before he somewhat regained his composure.

Before the couple left they thanked us and told us that they intended to take some legal action against the cops. I'm not sure if they went through with it, but the effort would have most likely been futile.

**IF YOU
CAN'T BEAT
EM', SHOW
EM' YER
ARSE!!!** THE END.



DEPRESSING 97' FOLLOW-UP

I went down to Madison once again, expecting a repeat of last years riot and was extremely disappointed. First of all, the turn out was embarrassingly low, I mean the streets were completely empty. Sure there were some people hanging out in front of houses but it was nothing unusual. There were police officers lounging around at every street corner, ready to suppress any uprising whatsoever. All I have to say is, don't let it happen again.



Verveer

"The remains of last year's riot are still with us, I certainly don't want to witness any of those same, disgusting behaviors ever again. I recently shaved my dogs nether region, I hope to god he doesn't develop a rash."



THIS ISSUE'S SLOGAN

It's not too late
to fuck things
up in 98!!!



In response to last year's riots, the city and the Madison police are working to prevent another disaster

BY MINDI ALTMAN
CITY/COUNTY EDITOR

The City of Madison is well on its way to squelching the "disgusting behaviors" of last year's Mifflin Street Block Party, a local tradition started in 1969 which ended in a fiery riot last spring.



"The remains of last year's riot are still with us," Ald. Mike Verveer said. "I certainly don't want to witness any of those same, disgusting behaviors ever again."

A man who was arrested for hurling objects at police and fire fighters last year, was convicted last week of a felony count of interfering with firefighters and a misdemeanor count of interfering with firefighting equipment.

To prevent a repeat of the May 1996 riots, city officials met with members of the Mifflin community and police in order to coordinate letter writing efforts to educate students. Liquor stores have voluntarily agreed to suspend all alcohol deliveries to the Mifflin area until after May 4.

RAMONES COVER ALBUMS

by Brad

Screeching Weasel *Ramones* (SELFLESS 1992)- 16 years after the

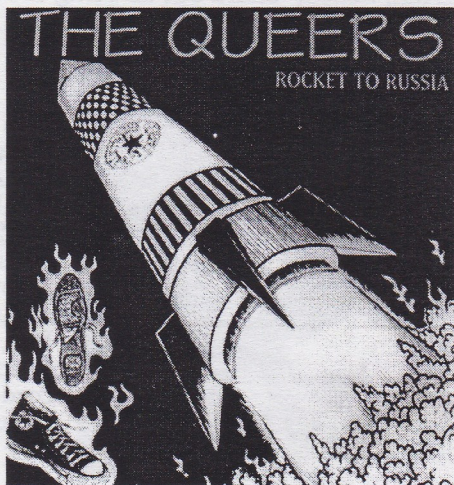


Ramones released their s/t, Screeching Weasel took on the task of covering one of the most influential punk albums of all time. They basically play the songs the same, which isn't a bad thing because hey, why fuck with perfection. Ben Weasel credits covering the album with saving Screeching Weasel's existence. He had no idea at the time that they were the first in a long line of punk rock bands to cover full length Ramones releases. They did a really good job at imitating the Ramones distinctive guitar and drums sound. Although all the songs on the record rock, the best are "Now I Wanna Sniff some Glue" and "Listen to my Heart".

Four of the songs can be found on

Screeching Weasel's *Kill the Musicians* CD, a collection of outta print and unreleased tunes. Rumor has it that the SW Ramones cover album will be re-released along with Screeching Weasel's s/t album in a 2 in 1 CD.

The Queers *Rocket to Russia* (SELFLESS 1993)- The Queers crank out the entire classic album with their own unique style. Highlights being "Rock Away Beach" (the only Ramones song they ever seem to play live) and "I Don't Care" which basically sums up what punk rock is all about. Joe Queer sings a lot like he did on *Beat Off*, which I like a lot better than the laid back Queers style of today.



The Vindictives *Leave Home* (SELFLESS 1994)- The Vindictives were definitely one of the most underrated



bands of their day. As is often the case, they beat the shit out of bands that sell a ridiculous number of records these days. They took a good Ramones album and added their own appropriate back-ups, solos, and changes. Included in the record are samples from the movie Freaks, a highly recommended film about freaks traveling in a circus sideshow. The best songs on the album are "Carbena not Glue", "Baby Sitter", and "Commando". This is the best Ramones cover album, also one of the few full length releases the band's put out.

Boris the Sprinkler *End of the Century* (CLEARVIEW 1996)- Hailing from Green Bay Wisconsin, Boris the Sprinkler take the first Ramones album that sucked due to the terrible production and do it justice. Without all the cheesy effects this is a great album. "Rock and Roll Radio", "Danny Says", and "Rock and Roll High School" stand out as being the best songs on the record.



**The Parasites
*It's Alive***

(CLEARVIEW 1997)- The Parasites cover the 20 song Japanese version of *It's Alive*, the latest of the Ramones cover albums. They follow word for word the original lyric sheet including things like "Bumming in the Sin Box, Going through the Toll Box, Give the People their All, the Blitzkrieg Bop". The record works and is entertaining. The insert includes a humorous rant by punk rock super star "Rev. Norbie Ramone".

ATTENTION!!!



So I'm sitting at home one day when the telephone rings, I answer it and was totally caught off guard by some overly enthusiastic man. I can usually identify the caller immediately not because I have keen voice recognition skills, but because only about 2 or 3 people call asking for me. So anyway, the guy goes through the usual "what's going on" type of bullshit that we are all too familiar with until he can carry on the charade no longer. At this point I'm still in the dark as to the caller's identity. With my blood pressure on the rise, thoughts raced through my head about the caller's identity. Could it be a distant relative informing me that they have just won the lottery and intend to send me cash? Or better yet, could it be my bastard child searching for his long lost father? It didn't take me long to deduce that the latter theory was incorrect, due to the fact that I'm only 18- a relatively recent graduate from the school we call puberty. But then it hit me, I was talking to the one, the only, Uncle Sam.

Now this has happened to me before so I was well aware that I was talking to a slippery motherfucker that wouldn't hesitate to employ all sorts of tactics to get a fresh recruit. He asked if I had ever thought about the military "yeah, I've thought about it, I've never thought about joining it". He wanted to know why I thought this so I ended up trying to explain to him that I didn't find killing people, positions of power, and/or taking orders very appealing. I think that went right over his head because he then started to compare the army to an arrow. That's right, an arrow. I instantly rendered this metaphor inappropriate but humored him by listening to his explanation.

"Picture an arrow, now the tip is just a small portion of the entire arrow, this tip represents those who are actually carrying the guns. There are countless other positions available".

"And you apparently are in the recruiting area of the arrow?"

"No, I have to do this to fill a requirement I fight in the front lines. I've been in 5 different battles."

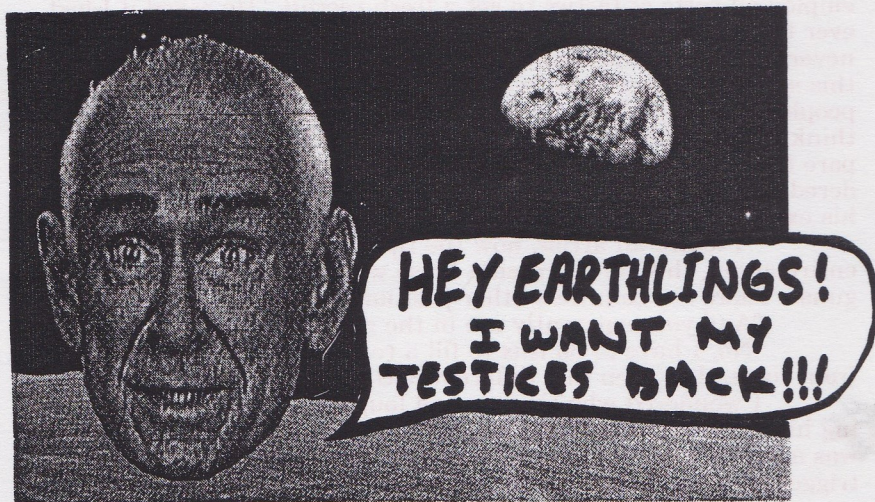
I wondered who the guy had fought and I couldn't resist asking him if he had killed anyone. After I popped the question there was a long drawn out silence, a silence that made me think I had triggered some flashbacks but it was too good to be true.



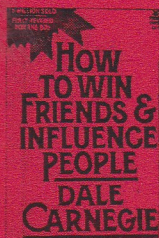
He broke the silence by telling me that questions, such as the one I asked, should not be asked, oh well. I could see I wasn't gonna get any homicide confessions out of the guy so I asked him where he fought. He told me Nicaragua among other places. I have only vague memories of American involvement in the country, and like

all wars, I am under the impression that it took place because of the selfish economic interests of the U.S. To tell you the truth I've always had quite an aversion towards politics in general cause hey, if Ben Weasel doesn't give a fuck about Nicaragua, why should I. So I asked the recruiter what he thought he was fighting for, hoping to enlighten my ignorant self which brings me to the point of this article. The guy had no idea why he fought there. He told me how it wasn't his job to know why he was fighting, it was his job to follow orders even when it meant killing people. This mentality will probably come as no surprise to anyone but it was kind of strange to hear someone proudly admit that this is what they thought. Stupid humans.

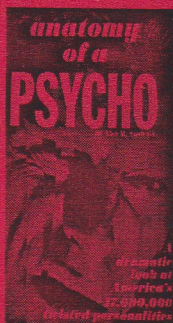
THE FEW. THE PROUD. THE MACHINES.



BOOK REVIEWS



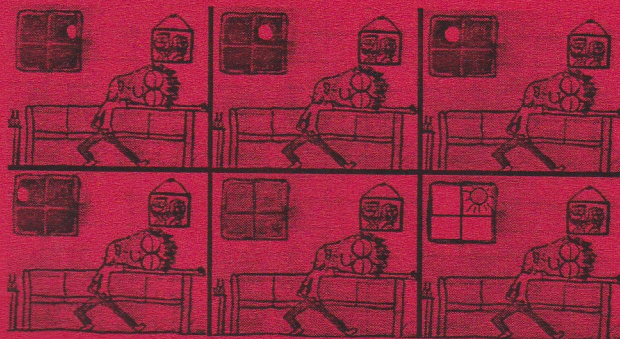
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE BY DALE CARNEGIE-I must say this is one of the best books I have read in a long time. Dale certainly knows how to speak to me. Before reading the book I was always a little unsure of myself around others but I am through with that attitude. I am now confident that I will be able to weasel my way to the top of any social scene using the clever techniques outlined in the book. My favorite section was the "six ways to make people like me" section. Like it or not, making people like you is as important as daily hygiene so what are you waiting for, get the book and begin climbing the ladder of success.



ANATOMY OF A PSYCHO BY ALEX SZEDENIK

"Why does a middle aged matron suddenly start peppering her talk with four-letter words of incredible obscenity?" only Mr. Szedenik can answer that one. According to the book a majority of all psychological problems can be traced back to some perverted act which occurred early in life. He explained this through a number of case studies, 32 to be exact, detailing how some unlucky person became a "psycho". The author relied heavily on Freud's oedipus complex theory which I didn't mind at first but after a while it got a little irritating. I mean, do we all really want to fuck our mothers and fathers? Who knows, but I can't think of a more fitting way to leave this review than with another excerpt from the book. "She seduced a mentally retarded blind derelict who had a small pension, moved him into her flat. She took lovers and performed coitus in front of him knowing that he could not see."

THE ADVENTURES OF PASSED OUT GUY



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